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IN VACATION.

An Alibi.—"Rastus, what's a alibi?"

"Dat's proving dat yoh was at a prayer meetin' whar yoh wasn't in order to show dat yoh wasn't at de crap game whar yoh was."—"The Shield."

He Wouldn't Object.—A negro who was arrested in San Rafael a few days ago for having parked his automobile on the wrong side of the street was asked by a justice of the peace if he would like to serve a sentence of thirty days in the county jail.

"Go as far as you like, Jedge," he replied, "Ah'm driver for Warden Johnston at the state prison and am serving life now, and thirty days moah don't make much difference."—"Sales Sense."

Crediting Votes.—They were discussing at a dinner the voting frauds at a recent election and one of the guests told this story of a repeater:

He was an ignorant fellow, this repeater, wearing a stolid, sullen look. Upon being arrested, he asked what crime lay at his door.

"You are charged," said the policeman, "with having voted twice."

"Charged, am I?" muttered the prisoner. "That's strange. I expected to be paid for it."—St. Louis Republic.

Truth as Best Policy.—"Did you notice any suspicious characters in that locality?" queried the court.

"Sure, yer honor," returned the newly appointed officer. "I saw but the one man, an' I asked him what he was doing there at that time o' night. Sez he, 'I have no business here just now, but I expect to open a jewelry store in this vicinity later on.' At that I sez, 'I wish you success, sor.'"

"Yes," said the magistrate, plainly disgusted. "He did open a jewelry store in the vicinity later on and stole a tray of rings and nine gold watches."

"Well, begorra," answered the policeman, after a reflective pause, "the man may have been a thafe, but he was no liar."—Chicago City (Ind.) News.

Interring the Ford.—A gentlemen who was visiting his lawyer for the purpose of making his will insisted that a final request be attached to the document. The request was that his Ford car be buried with him after he died. His lawyer tried to make him see how absurd this was, but failed, so he asked the gentleman's wife to use her influence with him. She did the best she could, but she also failed.

"Well, "John," she said finally, "tell me *why* you want your Ford car buried with you?"

"Because I have never gotten into a hole yet but what my Ford car could pull me out," was the reply.—Everybody's.